

# NEWS

NOVEMBER 1944





Signal Corps Photo Lab

## Piping their thanks

*Although blind, little Karen Koelling of the Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind can "see" with her fingers the Scottish bagpipe shown to her by a real Scotsman, Corporal Robert A. Whyte. At the left, Corporal Fred Jamison pipes a tune for Karen. Both pipers are members of the Pipe Band, Fort Carson, Colorado Springs, Colo., which piped its thanks to Junior Red Cross. (Story on next page)*

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 37 NOVEMBER 1955 NUMBER 2

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"American Junior Red Cross News" is published monthly, October through May (except January), by American National Red Cross. Copyright 1955 by American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to NEWS on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter. Individual subscriptions to the "American Junior Red Cross NEWS" are accepted at 50 cents a year, 10 cents a single copy.

The NEWS was entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

# Step by Step We Climb

## WE REMEMBER TO BE THANKFUL

### Piping Their Thanks

Junior Red Cross members in the Pikes Peak Chapter (Colo.) have always been favorites of the patients in the U.S. Army Hospital at Fort Carson. They have put on many musical and dramatic programs; they have supplied holiday decorations for the dining halls and wards; they have baked cookies, cakes, and other goodies for the men in the hospital.

In return for all the boys and girls have done, the servicemen wanted to show their thanks. They did it by having the 8th Infantry Division Pipe Band give 75 concerts to their JRC friends in the public and parochial schools of Colorado Springs. Typical Scottish music was played, and talks were given explaining the bagpipes and the Scottish Highlanders' costumes.

One of the most touching incidents of the concert "tour" was the program given to JRCers in the Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind. As the band played, the pipers saw that one side, the blind side, of their audience was enjoying the shrill tones of the bagpipes, while the other side, the deaf, was gazing with awe at the bright tartans of the Highland dress.

### God Takes My Hand

*Whenever I have sorrows or fears,  
God takes my hand  
And whispers in my ear  
That He rules all people and all lands.*

*Whenever troubles arise  
I say a prayer;  
Then God takes my hand  
And all the world again is grand.*

—JACKIE WITTER  
Tulsa County Chapter, Okla.

## Big Weeks in November

**American Education Week**, November 6-12, is a special week when the public is invited to visit schools and to see classes in action. Why not plan for a JRC exhibit along with your other displays during this week?

**Children's Book Week**, November 13-19, carries the slogan, "Let's Read More!" For a review of books good to read, turn to page 16.

**AJRC Enrollment for Service**, November 1-15, is a time well-known to JRCers. This year marks the 38th anniversary of the founding of the American Junior Red Cross. Let's make this the biggest and best year of all.

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



# An Extra Indian

By MARION HOLLAND



If the new boy had come into Miss Gowdy's room at any other time, Miss Gowdy might have paid more attention to him. The other children might have paid more attention to him, too. But it was the week before the Thanksgiving pageant, and they were all very busy.

Miss Gowdy had the janitor bring in an extra desk and chair and set them at the back of the room; then she asked the new boy if he could see the blackboard all right from there, and he said, "Yes."

And that was all he did say for a long time. His name was Jed Black, and he just sat quietly, taking in everything that was going on with dark, watchful eyes.

Plenty was going on, but not the usual things, like reading, spelling, and arithmetic. Miss Gowdy's room had had plenty of reading, looking up everything in the library about the First Thanksgiving; and plenty of spelling, writing a play about it and copying

out all the parts. And plenty of arithmetic, too, figuring out how many yards of material had to be sent home for the Pilgrims' mothers to make costumes out of. The Indians, of course, were just going to wear khaki pants and blankets and a few feathers, which was a break for the Indians' mothers.

Now they were all busy finishing up a life-size deer, upside down. That is, the deer was upside down, hung by the feet from a long stick, which two Indians were to carry onto the stage as the Indians' contribution to the feast. Of course, there had really been 5 deer at the First Thanksgiving. But then there had really been 90 Indians, too. As there were only 14 Indians in the play, they figured that one deer would do.

They had a wire framework of a deer, which they were padding out with paper and paste and paint. The new boy stayed in his seat and watched. When they were finished, everybody admitted that one side looked more





The new boy stood by, watching, as the children rehearsed their parts for the Thanksgiving pageant.

like a cow; but the other side was a pretty fair deer. So they stuck the arrow in that side, and warned the two Indians who were to carry it to keep that side toward the audience.

Then they got on with their rehearsing. Everybody had a part. All the girls were Pilgrims; they had to be, because all the Indians at the First Thanksgiving were braves. Only three of the boys were Pilgrims, and they were Pilgrims because Miss Gowdy had told them they had to be. She didn't want the audience to get the idea that all the Pilgrim Fathers had been Pilgrim Mothers.

Finally, Miss Gowdy remembered the new boy. She said that he had better be a Pilgrim, too, and they could write in a few lines for him to say.

Diana Carr, who had the most important Pilgrim part, next to Governor Bradford, said quickly: "Oh, but we all know our parts and it would mix us up. Besides, there isn't time for him to get a costume fixed."

"Let him be an Indian," said Johnny Schmidt, who played Massasoit, the leader of the Indians. "We can always use an extra Indian."

So for the last few rehearsals, Jed was an Indian. He was the Indian who came on the stage last, behind all the other Indians, and didn't say anything. But that didn't matter, because quite a lot of the other Indians didn't

say anything either, which was one of the reasons all the boys wanted to be Indians.

"It's a good thing we didn't have to write in a part for him," said Diana to Joan, her best friend. "He'd never have learned it. Why, I don't think he can even talk."

"Maybe he's a foreigner," suggested Joan kindly. "He sort of looks like one."

"Well, if he is, of course he can't help it," admitted Diana. "But naturally the Pilgrims ought to be Americans."

"But they weren't. Anyway, not yet. They were English," Joan pointed out.

At the dress rehearsal, everybody was in costume except the new boy. He just wore the same T shirt and faded blue jeans that he wore to school. He stood so far in the back that Miss Gowdy didn't notice; but Johnny did, and he was worried about it. After all, he was Massasoit, and he was responsible for these Indians.

He stopped Jed after school. "Look, I can lend you some things to wear for the play tomorrow," he said, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "If you don't have any."

"I'll have something," replied Jed. "Anyway I hope so. My brother sent away for some things, and they probably came in the mail today."

Why, he talked just like anybody! Imagine that dumb Diana, going around and telling

everybody that the new boy was some kind of a foreigner and didn't know a word of English!

"Why don't we go home with you and see if the things came," suggested Johnny. "Then if they didn't, we'll go over to my house and I'll fix you up with some feathers. We'll go over to my house anyway, and shoot a few baskets, if you like basketball. O.K.?"

"O.K.," said Jed.

By 9:30 the next morning, all the seats in the school auditorium were filled and people were standing up in the back. Behind the drawn curtains on the stage, the Pilgrims were all in their places, but the Indians were still in the dressing room, rubbing brown paint on their arms and faces.

Just as the audience finished singing *America the Beautiful*, Johnny stuck his head out of the dressing room and said, "Ready!" to Miss Gowdy, and she hurried to one side of the stage and pulled the curtain.

There were the Pilgrims, seated at a long trestle table, piled high with corn and pumpkins and fish. They talked about what a hard year they had had, the first year in the new country. They talked about how now they had finished building houses, and had gathered a good harvest, and how thankful they were for these blessings.

Then Governor Bradford stood up and reminded them all about how helpful the Indians had been and how they might never have survived the terrible winter if it hadn't been for the Indians. He said he had invited

their friend, Massasoit, to bring some of his braves to share the thanksgiving feast.

This was the Indians' cue to enter. First came Johnny Schmidt, then, after a little jostling at the entrance, the two Indians, with the deer. Then came the other Indians, and, last of all, Jed.

But Jed didn't stay at the back, as usual. The other Indians parted, left and right, and Jed walked forward to stand beside Governor Bradford, at the head of the table.

A noisy gasp of surprise went up from all the Pilgrims, but the audience didn't hear it, because the audience was gasping, too. There was a confused rustling sound from the auditorium, as everyone leaned forward to get a better view.

Jed was dressed in fringed deerskin, embroidered at the neck and sleeves with porcupine quills. On his feet were beaded moccasins; on his head, a sweeping war bonnet, with silver medallions that glittered beside his thin cheeks. No dyed turkey feathers, these, but proud white and gray eagle feathers.

He raised his right hand, palm outward, and spoke. He spoke Johnny's lines, Massasoit's lines; he spoke them quietly, but so clearly that everyone in the audience could hear every word.

He said that his people, too, always gave thanks for a good harvest. He said that now the white men and the red men were brothers, and they would remain brothers as long as each kept his word when it was given. He said all the things that Miss Gowdy's class had writ-

When Jed appeared, a gasp of surprise went up from all the Pilgrims, as well as from the audience.



ten down for Massasoit to say, but now they listened to it as if they had never heard it before.

He ended: "This country to which you have come is a beautiful country, full of good things. If we share the good things fairly, there is room for all."

Governor Bradford was supposed to reply, but his words were drowned out in a thunder of clapping from the audience; so the Pilgrims and the Indians just bowed their heads in grateful thanks, and Miss Gowdy pulled the curtain.

Backstage, everything was confusion. The deer was dropped, and several people stepped on it, but nobody needed it any more anyway. Everyone crowded around Jed and Johnny, asking questions, and Johnny answered them as fast as he could talk.

"Jed's a real Indian, a full-blooded Indian, and his whole name is Jed Black Horse Running. So when I went to his house yesterday and saw his clothes, I knew he ought to be Massasoit, not me. He learned the lines in a

flash—knew most of 'em already, just from listening."

"Do you wear these all the time, at home?" asked someone, fingering the deerskin fringes.

Jed just shook his head, but Johnny said: "Of course not. These are extra-special, just for the most important ceremonies, and when Jed told his brother about the play, they decided it was an important ceremony, and sent for 'em, back on the reservation. That's where Jed used to live, but now he's living with his brother, so he can finish school here and be an engineer, like his brother."

Diana said to Joan, as they went into the dressing room: "So that's what he is, an Indian. I knew he was some kind of foreigner."

Johnny shouted after her: "Listen, you! If you went somewhere else you'd be a foreigner, did you ever think of that? Besides, compared to Jed, everybody in this whole school is a foreigner. And hurry up with that dressing room, because us Indians have an important date to play basketball, as soon as we get the paint washed off."

THE END

Illustrations by  
Betty Alden



# Gift Boxes Go Traveling



A playlet for an assembly program, written by Norma Ewing, teacher-sponsor, and put on by her juniors in Travis School, Galveston County (Texas) Chapter.

*(It is late at night. The "gifts" are talking together as they examine the American Junior Red Cross gift box on the table in the classroom of Miss Brown.)*

**Washcloth**—Here we are waiting to be put in the Junior Red Cross gift boxes. I'm tired waiting around.

**Toothbrush**—I am too. I want to start on the trip overseas.

**Red Car**—It will be fun to belong to some boy or girl who has never had a toy.

"Gift boxes are a two-way street for me," says Polish-born Anne-marie Goetze. When in a refugee camp in Austria, she was thrilled to receive a box. Now as a JRCer in Jones School, Erie, Pa., she has fun filling boxes for others.



"We boys in Iran welcome our nice gift boxes from the United States of America." (Picture in color)

"We are happy the gift boxes found us," agree pupils in Lima, Peru. (Picture immediately above)

**First Comb**—Well, it won't be long now. All the boxes must be packed soon, so they can be sent overseas in time for Christmas.

**Washcloth**—I have an idea. Let's fill this box sitting here on the desk. Teachers are so busy I don't believe Miss Brown will realize that there's one less box to pack.

**Second Comb**—Oh yes! Let's see how many of us can fit into the box!

**All**—Yes! Yes!

**Ball**—I'll go first. Everyone likes a ball.

**Soap**—American children don't like soap very much, but the children overseas think I'm pretty special. Come on, Washcloth.

**Washcloth**—Wherever Soap goes, I'll go too.

**First Comb**—You look so clean and new. I'm so ashamed. The girl who brought me meant well, but no one would want an old, dirty comb.

**Second Comb**—I'm certainly lucky. Every child needs a comb. I'm glad I'm clean and new.

**Toothpaste**—I know I'll be popular. Imagine starting the day without toothpaste!





Sydney Morning Herald

"Let's see what surprises are in our gift boxes from America," say two children at Far West Children's Home at Manly, Australia.

**Socks**—Either a girl or a boy would like me. Let me get in next.

**Handkerchief**—I'm sure some child will like to have me.

**Red Car**—How do you think I feel? The boy who brought me broke one of my wheels. Comb was right—everything must be brand new to go in a gift box. I'm so disappointed that I can't go with my friends.

**Pencil**—Make way for me in there. Every box needs a pencil or two.

**Eraser**—The children overseas make mistakes and like erasers too.

**Notebook**—Where do Pencil and Eraser think they'd be without paper, I'd like to know.

**Bottle of Perfume**—Gracious! I've been reading the directions for filling gift boxes. They say, "No glass articles. No perfume." What was Mary thinking of when she brought me?

**Jar of Candy**—"No glass articles." Dear me! That means no jars of candy. And I heard Miss Brown say, "No candy of any kind," too. Why didn't John listen to directions before bringing me? And there's room in the box, too. It's amazing how much a box can hold.

**Top**—No more spinning for me till I get overseas. What fun it is to be a top!

**Crayons**—This looks like a tight squeeze. I made it! But the box is full now. Some child is going to be very happy when he receives this nice box.

**Pencil**—And won't the children be surprised when they come to school tomorrow to find us packed and ready to go.

**Acknowledgement Envelope**—We're not quite ready yet. The box is not complete without me. The teacher must fill in the blanks before I can go. You know we hope the child who receives this box will write his thank-you letter on me.

**Ball**—Yes, you are right. It is a good thing you were here to speak for yourself. I hope Miss Brown doesn't forget to get you ready, and to fill in the blanks on the box. That's very important too.

**Socks**—Well, we'll soon be off on our long journey to some faraway country to bring good cheer to some other little child.

THE END

"We too have fun packing gift boxes," say these AJRC student council members of Yoyogi (American dependent) School, Tokyo, Japan. (Picture in color)

"Thank you, American boys and girls, for sending your gift boxes to us in Naha, Okinawa," smile Okinawan children. (Picture at bottom of page)





## SLEEPY'S SECRET

By GLADYS RELYEA SAXON

The boys shadowed Sleepy deep into the woods.

PETER BETZ and Charlie Ketter were bored. All of their best friends had gone fishing in Amana Lake, after school, but Peter's mother had said, "Nein, Peter, your cold it is not so better yet." So, of course, Charlie hadn't gone fishing, either.

Now they leaned against the sandstone front of the Amana General Store playing "licenses" for want of anything more exciting to do. The sun warmed them but the chilly

breeze hinted of snow not too long away. Still, especially on weekends, the seven villages of the Amana Colony in Iowa could expect out-of-state tourists as well as Iowans who liked good German cooking, or fine blankets, or smoked meats, or handmade furniture.

"Virginia! Dibs on Virginia!" said Peter pointing at a red and gray four-door jogging down from the highway.

"No," said Charlie, "I got that one Sunday."



Peter didn't argue. He and Charlie never cheated each other on anything. For several more minutes, the boys watched for licenses and looked without interest at people raking leaves and children on wagons and scooters.

"This is nothing, just plain nothing!" Charlie said in disgust. "Come on. Mom made cherry strudel today because we're going to Cedar Rapids tomorrow."

Peter stretched, trying as always to stretch himself taller. How he wished he'd inherited his dad's height as his sister Flossie and older brother Bill had! "Might as well," he grumbled.

Suddenly, his whole attitude changed. "Sleepy" Stiegel had walked out of the 100-year-old Stiegel house where he lived with his grandmother. "See what I see?" Peter asked, poking Charlie.

Charlie began to grin. "Aha! The zombie of Amana!" Teasing Sleepy was always fun.

"Let's buzz him. Maybe we can find out where he disappears to every afternoon."

They hurried across the paved main street, its overhanging elms and maples now almost bare. They caught up with Sleepy's long legs at the road leading to the church and the meat market. Left-right, left-right, they fell in beside him.

"Hi, Sleepy," they both said.

Sleepy colored painfully. He drew his wrists

up into the too-short sleeves of his home-made suitcoat. Why couldn't they call him Chris? He'd been named Christian after one of the founders of the colony who had left Germany in the early 1800's because they wanted to worship God in their own way.

And why should it matter if he had to live differently because his grossmutter had voted against the Great Change in 1932 when the colony had decided to put itself into business in the American way? And so she used kerosene lamps and a wood stove and well-water and wouldn't have a piano or radio or bright colors in the house.

If only he could think of some way to show Peter and Charlie how much he wanted to be friends! "Hi," he said now, trying to say it as they had.

"Where you goin'?" asked Charlie.

Sleepy swallowed hard, opened his mouth, closed it. No matter what, he couldn't tell his secret. "Nowhere special," he said at last.

"Good! We'll go with you!"

So, left-right, left-right, the three boys walked southward, nobody saying much of anything. Past severe-looking sandstone houses, past rambling frame houses. Past the whining saws of the sawmill. Even past the restaurant where Peter's mother made her famous *schupf nudel*—potato fingers—on holi-

days. And where the cook let Peter and Charlie stop in for cookies now and then.

At the three-fingered crossroads, Sleepy hesitated. Peter and Charlie waited for him to make the choice. Was Sleepy's secret near the cabinet shop, or the milking parlor of the farm, or the woolen mills?

It was the woolen mills. When they got close, Sleepy suddenly lost his "sleepiness." Before they could stop him he had vanished within the noisy smelly building.

"After him!" yelled Peter. "You go upstairs and check the looms! I'll take the first floor!"

Quickly Peter strode through the brightly-lighted inspection room where several women were making sure there were no mistakes in the yards and yards of plaid and plain woolen suitings and blanket materials. No Sleepy.

Then he went down into the steamy dye room. Two men stirred huge vats of red dye with flat paddles. One of them called out. "Vait, Peter! Chust the boy I want to see!"

But Peter only waved to the man and made for the long passageway along the windows where raw wool was being sloshed up and down mechanically to clean it before the dyeing. No Sleepy. He even looked out the windows to the dam in the millrace, and beyond. No Sleepy.

He met Charlie at the door. Sleepy had fooled them again, for Charlie shook his head. "Let's go then," said Peter.

"Prob'ly just some silly old nothing, anyway," said Charlie. But as he said it, he caught sight of Sleepy. "Look! Back of the barn!"

"Let's shadow him!"

Quickly at first, then more and more carefully and slowly, they followed Sleepy. When they reached the woods near the stream, they moved a footstep at a time for the leaves crackled like firecrackers. At the stream, they stopped entirely. Which way had Sleepy gone? Left to the highway or right to the railroad?

There wasn't a sound at first. Then from upstream, came the sound of expert whistling—fancy whistling full of trills and warbles.

"Say, what kind of bird is *that*!" gasped Charlie.

### **Facts about Amana . . .**

*The seven villages form a long rectangle amid 25,000 acres of farm and woodland, providing a living for most of the 1,500 residents of the Colony. (A few work in Cedar Rapids.) More than 5,000 head of cattle and 8,000 hogs are marketed annually; about 1,800 gallons of milk daily. The woolen mills and meat markets are the biggest businesses, together with the famous Amana freezers and air-conditioners. But strangely, when one visits the villages these signs of modern industry are scarcely noticeable. Instead, one enjoys the quiet tree-lined streets, luxuriant gardens, friendly people, old timey farms and homes.*

"That's not a bird. That's whistling like you hear on the radio!" Peter said. "Come on! Maybe somebody's living in the old carriage-shed!"

Keeping to the bare banks of the stream so as to move silently, they headed toward the whistling. What a surprise! There was Sleepy Stiegel leaning against an oak tree with his mouth partly open but his lips not moving while the beautiful whistling poured out. Never before had they seen Sleepy look so happy and so un-sleepy!

"I'm going to give him a scare!" said Charlie.

Peter grabbed him. "No! Don't let him know we saw him!"

Charlie pulled away. He started toward Sleepy. Peter tried to hold him back. His feet slipped down the muddy bank. Plop! Splash! Peter was neck-deep in the cold water, floundering and struggling to get out but held by the muddy bottom and his water-soaked sweater and shoes.

"Wait! I'll get you a stick!" yelled Charlie.

Like a thin and clumsy bird, Sleepy crashed through the woods. Without wasting a word, he took off his coat, lay flat upon it, and reached his long arms out to where Peter could grab them. Charlie held on to Sleepy's legs for added support.

In a moment, Peter was safe on shore. Shiv-



ering but laughing, he said, "And M-m-mom wouldn't let me go f-f-fishing!"

Wrapping his coat around Peter, Sleepy said gruffly, "Better you get home!"

"Thanks, Sl—Chris!" Peter said. "Sorry about following you. Honest!"

Chris reddened right up into his blond bowl-cut hair. Then he and Charlie with

So, after a supper of pork sausage and pea soup with **nudels** and **plum kuchen** the Betzes and Charlie listened while Chris whistled, for them.

Mr. Betz exclaimed, "Some day we'll all be proud we know Christian Stiegel! He whistles like a professional already, yet—his lips, they do not move!"



Sleepy reached out his long arms to where Peter could grab them, while Charlie held on to Sleepy's legs for added support.

Peter between them ran back to the Betz home. At the door, Chris tried to hurry away but both boys made him come inside.

A little later, after a hot bath, Peter sat in bed sipping onion syrup which Flossie had made and which he hated. Then he and Charlie told what had happened. All except the shadowing part. They weren't proud of that.

Mrs. Betz spoke briskly. "Flossie, go tell Grossmutter Stiegel we want Christian to stay for supper."

"I—I—," Chris began, looking down at his muddy suit.

"You can change into one of Bill's outgrown suits. I want to hear you whistle and so will Mr. Betz and Bill."

That night just before he fell asleep, Peter had a wonderful idea. And at school Monday he put it into action.

Standing beside Chris' desk, Peter said, "Charlie and I discovered Chris' secret, and it's really something! My dad says he's practically a genius!" He pulled Chris to his feet. "Whistle, boy! Whistle!"

Chris did. That was the last time anybody made fun of him, and the last time he was lonely. Who could be lonely when every spare minute was taken up with teaching boys and girls, and even one of the teachers, how to whistle?

Peter and Charlie beamed proudly at it all. "We're his managers," they told everybody.

THE END

# THANKSGIVING...



← Sixth grader gives a helping hand to first grader in counting enrollment supplies at Hill Demonstration School, Bolivar County, Miss.

In an original play at Oliver Cromwell School, Baltimore, Md., showing JRC services, the girl in the rocking chair represented an old lady with her nurse at the home which this school serves regularly.



Herbert Spicer, Jr. photo



↑ Boys at Roosa School, Evansville, Ind., make clipboards on which veterans in hospitals may write letters home. Mr. Clinton Hillyard, industrial arts instructor, directs the work.

JRCers are thankful to belong to a great worldwide organization in which they can work with others for the good of all. Remember to be thankful when you enroll for service in the American Junior Red Cross during November.

# *a thankful time*

JRC members at Dodge School, Wichita, Kans., brought lovely scarfs and baskets for each person at the old folks home. →

Rorabaugh & Millsap Studio



Hartford Times photo

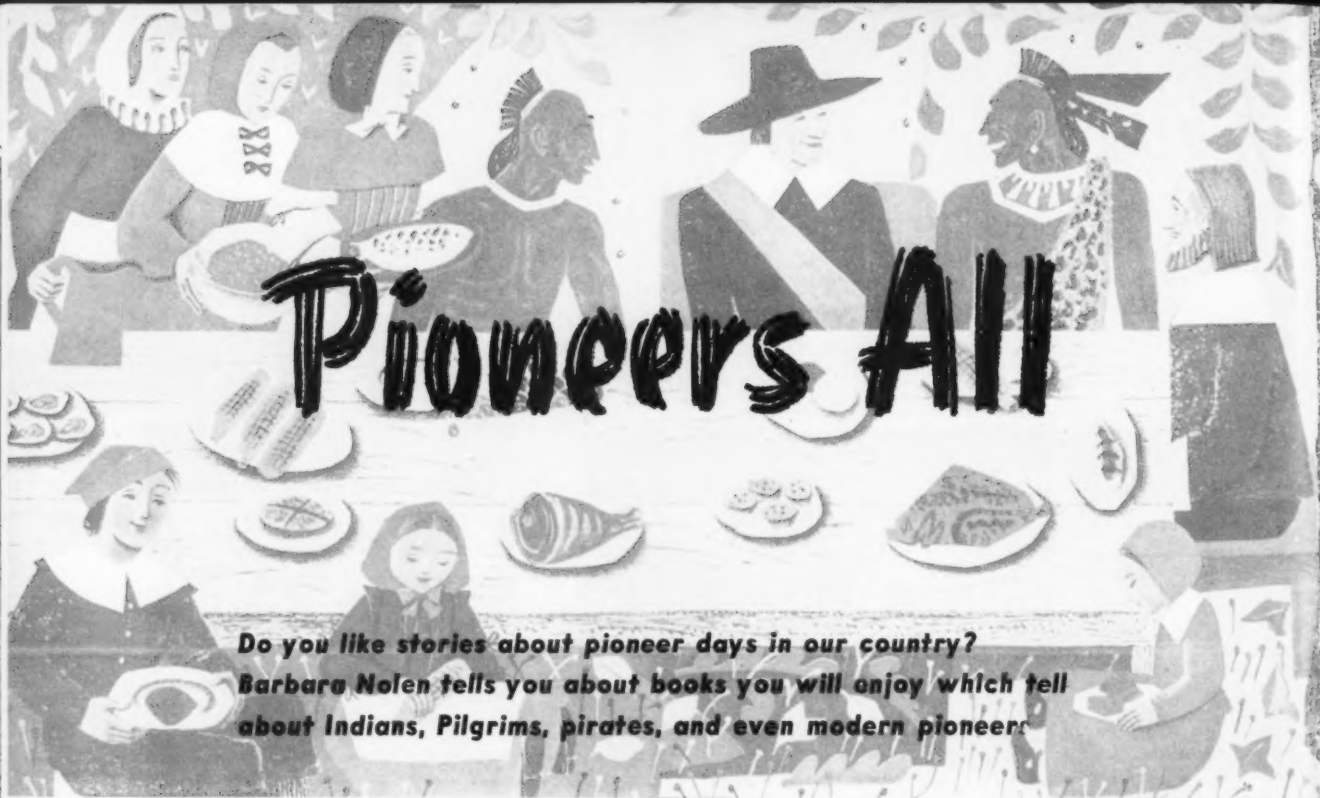


←Thanksgiving favors for shut-ins are made by fifth graders at Brackett School, Hartford, Conn.

Art-Commercial Studios



Youngsters at a day nursery enjoy soft toys made by JRCers in the schools, Portland, Ore. →



**Do you like stories about pioneer days in our country?  
Barbara Nolen tells you about books you will enjoy which tell  
about Indians, Pilgrims, pirates, and even modern pioneers.**

Pilgrims and Indians feasted together.  
(From "The Thanksgiving Story")

### ***The Thanksgiving Story***

It was moving day for the Pilgrims. They were moving from the Old World to the New, thousands of miles across the Atlantic Ocean to a country they had never seen.

When the "Mayflower" finally set sail from Plymouth in 1620 it was loaded, above decks and below. There were 102 passengers, and many of them were children. Before the trip ended, on the shores of Cape Cod, there were 103, for little Oceanus Hopkins was born on the way.

How the Hopkins family made friends with the Indians and celebrated the first Thanksgiving is beautifully told in a picture-and-story book called "The Thanksgiving Story" by Alice Dalgleish (Scribners, \$2.50).

Helen Sewell made the pictures of storms at sea, pioneer babies in handmade cradles, and sturdy Indians in moccasins and beads. The picture of the Thanksgiving feast will make your mouth water. How good those roast turkeys must have tasted! How juicy

were the roasting ears of corn and the wild grapes! How thankful the Pilgrims were for their blessings after a year of sickness and hunger! Fifty-one pious Pilgrims and ninety savage Indians sat down together to that first Thanksgiving feast. Don't you wish you could have been there?

### ***The Courage of Sarah Noble***

It takes courage to be a pioneer, to be the first one to explore a river, or a cave, or a mountain. It takes courage to sleep under the stars in a strange forest, with owls hooting, foxes barking, and perhaps a wolf howling far away.

Sarah Noble was only 8 years old when she went with her father to make a new home in the wilderness. She was only 8 but she was a good cook and she wanted to look after her father—they had to live in a cave at first—until he could build a log cabin for the rest of the family.



This happened in Connecticut more than two-hundred years ago. It really happened. There was a little girl named Sarah Noble who was not afraid—not much—when she met her first Indians. She was sitting alone, reading the story of Samuel in the Bible, when she heard a “rustle-rustle” and saw many eyes peering at her through the log fence.

“Sarah kept as still as a rabbit in danger. The children came in, creeping nearer, like small brown field mice, until they were all around Sarah, looking at her.” She was as strange to them as they were to her, and it is hard to say when fear left them and friendship began.

“The Courage of Sarah Noble” by Alice Dalgleish, author of “The Thanksgiving Story,” is illustrated in warm reds and black by Leonard Weisgard (Scribners, \$2).

### ***His Indian Brother***

In pioneer days other children besides Sarah Noble lived alone in the wilderness. It happened in Maine to a 13-year-old boy named Brad.

Mr. Porter didn't mean to leave Brad



Brad flung a branch in the bear's face. (From "His Indian Brother")

alone for long when he went back to Boston to bring his wife and the twin girls to their new home. But sickness came, and Brad didn't know what to do. Should he just wait and starve? Should he try to make his way down river by foot?

A strange Indian boy was the answer, though none too friendly at first. But the Indian boy knew how to live under the stars, how to make his own tools and catch his own food. After 4 months living the Indian way, Brad was ready to be adopted into the Penobscot tribe.

"His Indian Brother" by Hazel Wilson (Abingdon, \$2.50) is full of Indian wisdom and camping lore.

### ***Pirates, Planters and Patriots***

Pioneers in the southern colonies had trouble enough before they could feel "at home" in a new land. Not only Indians but pirates



Pirates roamed the streets of old Charleston. (From "Pirates, Planters and Patriots")

threatened the wealthy plantation owners who were some of the first settlers of the Carolina Colony.

Janice Holland, artist and author, calls her book about Charleston, South Carolina, "Pirates, Planters and Patriots" (Scribners,

\$2.50). It's rather a gay book, in spite of Charleston's many struggles with war, fire, and earthquake. The illustrations are dramatic and striking in their use of color.

### **A Spy in Williamsburg**

The southern tradition of elegant living also forms the background for a mystery story laid in colonial Williamsburg. Lords and ladies, dressed in the latest London fashions, were involved in the famous "gunpowder plot" which was of such interest to Patrick Henry and George Washington.

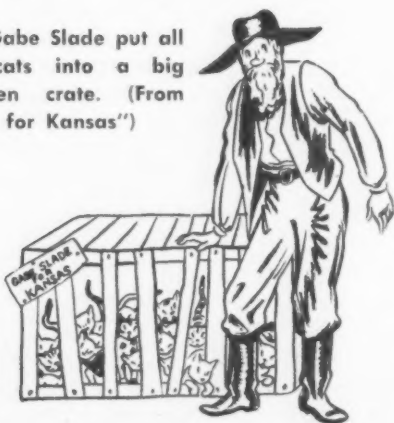
"A Spy in Williamsburg" by Isabelle Lawrence (Rand McNally, \$2.75) is the best book so far about colonial Williamsburg. Through the eyes of a blacksmith's apprentice, the reader follows a very sly spy in a breathless chase from kitchen to manor house.

### **Cats for Kansas**

One of the favorite picture books of pioneer life is "Cats for Kansas" by Le Grand (Abingdon, \$1.50). The story was told to the author by descendants of Kansas pioneers.

In those days there were buffalo and Indians in Kansas but "no cats." And the pioneers just did not feel at home in Kansas without a cat to purr in front of the fire. And so old Gabe Slade set out on a long journey back east to find enough cats for the Kansas pioneers, so that Kansas would become "Home, Sweet Home" to them.

Old Gabe Slade put all the cats into a big wooden crate. (From "Cats for Kansas")



### **The "Little House" Books**

In books about the middlewest, the most famous pioneer family is the Wilder family. Pa Wilder was always packing up his family and his fiddle and moving on, from the big woods of Wisconsin to Indian territory, from the banks of Plum Creek to the shores of Silver Lake.

In the "Little House" books by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harpers, \$2.75), you will meet Laura and Mary and Almanzo. You will follow their day-by-day adventures, riding wild horses, skating in the moonlight, fighting grasshoppers and blizzards.

### **Bronko**

You may think that the time for pioneers is past. But pioneers are still coming to America, the land of promise. You can read about a modern pioneer in "Bronko" by Rosa Eichelberger (Morrow, \$2.95).



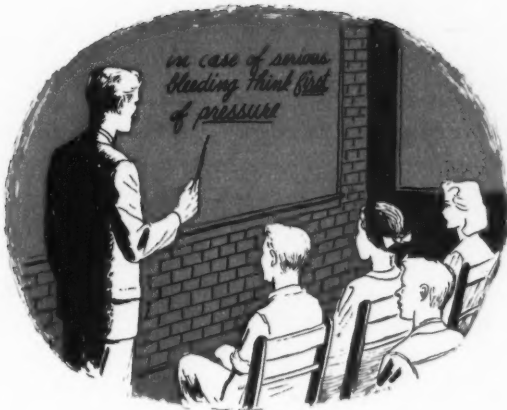
From the ship's deck he saw the statue. (From "Bronko")

Bronko felt like a pioneer when he first saw the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. His full name was Bronislaw Jadewski, but his nickname was Bronko.

New York City was a wilderness to Bronko when he first arrived. The boys in his neighborhood had their own pals, their own slang, their own secret clubs. Bronko found it tough going, as tough as wildcats and Indians, but in the end he proved that he was a real pioneer himself.

# The Life She Saved Was Her Sister's

Illustrated by John Donaldson



[1] When 13-year-old Ginger Bedingsfield took her Junior First Aid training at Driscoll Junior High in Corpus Christi, Texas, she never dreamed that it might be the means of saving her little sister's life.



[2] Just before Christmas her parents left Ginger to sit with her baby sister while they attended a party.



[3] Soon after her parents left, the baby stuck her hand through a glass door, cutting the tendons and an artery in her wrist. Quickly Ginger applied pressure to the wound to control the bleeding. Then she took the baby to a neighbor for help.



[4] At the hospital, where the neighbors took Ginger and her baby sister, the doctor praised Ginger's quick action and said that she probably had saved her sister's life.

# DAVY CROCKETT

## AND THE LITTLE MUSTANG

*This adventure is retold by Anne Malcolmson*

*from "Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures*

*in Texas," a book published in 1836.*

WHEN DAVY CROCKETT started out for Texas, he traveled by river steamer as far into Arkansas as he could go. There he met a party of travelers who were going his way. There were hundreds of miles ahead of them. Davy needed a good horse. One of his new friends offered to find him a mustang.

"They're wild and they're tricky," he warned Davy. "But they're good ponies. They were born on the prairie and they're tough."

This sounded good to Davy. When he saw the "critter" his friend had picked out, he was satisfied.

One hot afternoon the party stopped beside a stream to water their mounts. They were hungry, for they had shot little game along the way. Off in the distance could be

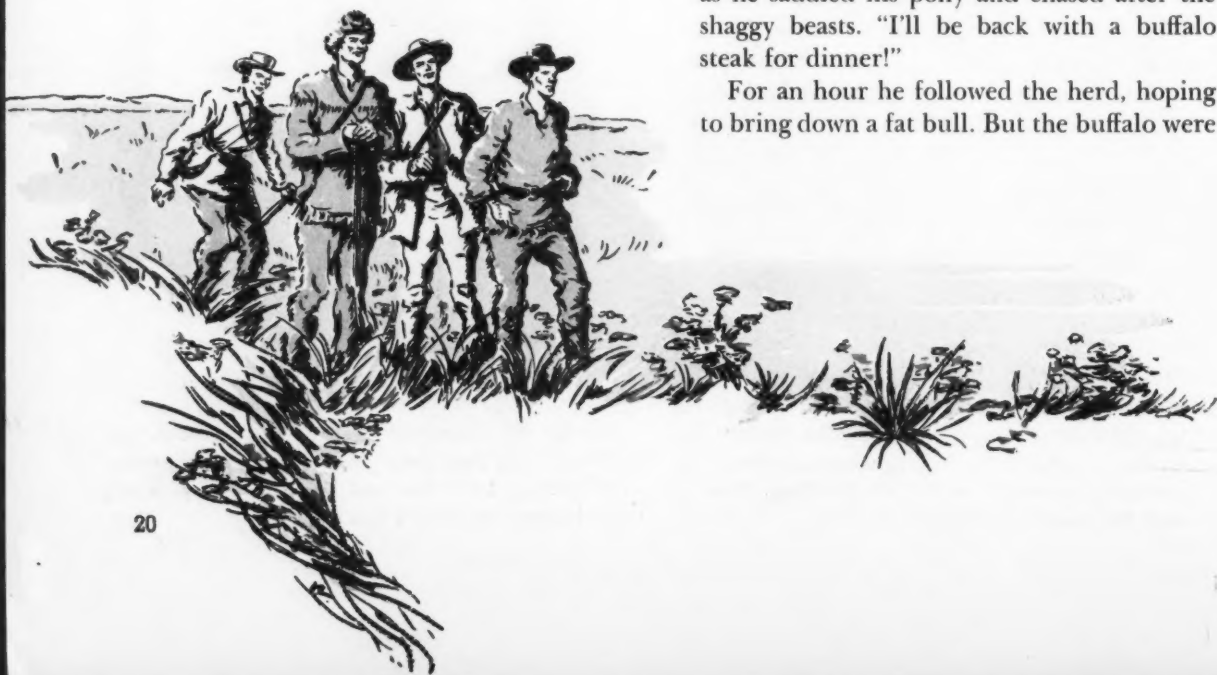
heard a dull roar that sounded like thunder. At first, nothing could be seen. Then a low cloud appeared on the horizon. With remarkable speed, it moved toward them. The roar grew louder and louder. The travelers could make out the sound of hoofs. Huge black figures burst into view below the whirling dust cloud.

"Buffalo!" shouted Davy in delight.

He had never had a chance to hunt buffalo in all his hunting days. As the herd approached, he drew Betsy, his hunting rifle, and fired at the leader. The huge bull stopped sharply, annoyed at the bullet that had grazed his back. He turned suddenly and raced away in a new direction, the herd at his heels.

"Wait for me!" Davy called to his friends, as he saddled his pony and chased after the shaggy beasts. "I'll be back with a buffalo steak for dinner!"

For an hour he followed the herd, hoping to bring down a fat bull. But the buffalo were





at home on the prairie, and they are amazingly fast animals. At last he lost them.

He knew that he must return to his traveling companions in a hurry. He could have retraced his path over the buffalo tracks, but he thought he could find a shorter way. He followed a brook, thinking that it was the one beside which they had stopped to rest. This soon led out to a meadow which he had not seen before. He suspected that he might be lost.

While Davy was trying to get his bearings, his mustang sniffed the air. In the meadow a hundred or more wild ponies, mustangs like himself, were grazing. At the sound of his whinny, the wild horses looked up, whinnied in reply, and trotted up to see the stranger. They came close in a circle around him, sniffed, and seemed to recognize him as their own kind. He, too, sniffed and nuzzled the others. Davy was amused at the incident, but he knew that he must use what little daylight was left to find his own party. He pulled in the reins, dug his pony's ribs with his spurs, and off they went.

Off they went, indeed! Instead of following Davy's rein, the mustang tore off across the prairie in the opposite direction. The herd of ponies galloped behind. Davy's "critter"

shook his mane and whinnied, as if to call, "Come catch me if you can! I'll show you I'm as good as any of you!"

This was not what Davy had bargained for. He enjoyed a good race, however. Over the prairie they flew. But his pony could not keep up his headlong pace for long. He was carrying weight, a heavy saddle and a grown man. His rivals had nothing on their backs. One by one they drew closer. A large bay shot ahead. Davy's "critter" put out a last burst of speed, but as they reached the bank of a river, he sank exhausted to the ground. The wild ponies dashed across and disappeared in the distance.

"Poor little fellow!" said Davy, as he stroked

"Wait for me!" Davy called to his friends, as he jumped on his pony and chased after the shaggy beasts.



Illustrations by  
William Riley

Davy grabbed his rifle and  
fired at the tawny cat.



the mustang's heaving side. "Now we really are in a pickle!" They were truly lost!

The sun was sinking behind the hills. Davy thought sensibly that the only thing to do was to settle down for the night. In the morning his pony would be refreshed and they could retrace their steps.

He loosened the straps from the saddle and rubbed his horse down, listening to his gasping breath. Near them on the river bank lay a large oak tree, blown over in a wild storm. Davy figured that a comfortable bed might be made in it for himself. He was about to curl up for a night's sleep when he looked into the branch above.

There crouched a cougar, its white teeth gleaming through the shadows, ready to spring and make a dinner upon him.

Instinctively, Davy reached for Betsy and fired at the tawny cat. The bullet merely scratched his head. He leaped from his branch, but Davy moved aside. Davy swung his rifle-butt and stunned the angry beast.

Both slipped to the ground, where the battle went on with fury. They tumbled and rolled until they reached a ledge which hung over the river. At last the cougar lost his footing in the slippery ground. Davy sank his hunting-knife into the creature's neck. The fierce cougar quivered for a moment, and then lay still.

Davy, who had had dangerous encounters with bears in his day, breathed a sigh of relief. Compared to fighting cougars, fighting bears was child's play.

Weary and sore, he washed his wounds in the stream. Then he looked at his little mustang. The poor pony had stopped breathing. He must have burst his heart in the race!

"Creation!" muttered Davy to himself. "This really is a bad state of affairs!"

Lost in the wilderness without a horse, what should he do next? His favorite motto came to mind. "Be always sure you're right. Then go ahead!" He could not "Go ahead" now. Night had fallen.

In the morning, Davy awoke stiff and hungry. He went to have another look at the mustang. To his great surprise, there was no sign of the "critter." What could have happened?

To all appearances, the pony had been dead the night before. If vultures or wolves had found him, they would have left at least his bones behind. There were no bones! Perhaps yesterday's adventures had all been dreams.

No! Those were not dreams. Below him lay the body of the cougar. The tracks of the wild mustangs were still plain to be seen running into the river.

Puzzled as he was, Davy knew that he must have food before he set out on foot to find his friends. Overhead he heard the honking of geese. It was a simple matter for Betsy to bring down a fat gander. Davy settled himself to his first good meal in 24 hours. Suddenly his keen woodsman's ear picked up the sound of horses' hoofs, walking carefully, barely crackling the underbrush.

Indians!

Almost as soon as he recognized the sound, he saw a party of braves advancing over the meadow toward him. He kept Betsy close to his side as their ranks divided and they silently surrounded him in a large circle.

Davy addressed the Chief, "Are you friend or foe of the United States?"

"Friend," replied the Chief. "We are Comanches."

Upon hearing this, Davy relaxed his hold on Betsy. He explained his situation. When the Chief learned Davy's name, he broke into a warm smile.

"Colonel Crocket! Great hunter!" he bowed.

Davy's reputation was well known to the Comanches. He was their friend.

The Comanches offered Davy a horse and promised to lead him back to the Texas train. As they rode together at the head of the party, Davy told the Chief of the mystery of his little mustang.

On their way, they spied in the distance

## NOVEMBER SONG

*Now in November  
the birds have gone,  
leaving only  
remembered song*

*and empty nests  
on the silver sky  
for the gentle wind  
to fill, pile high*

*with starry flakes.  
The birds have gone,  
the days grow brief,  
the nights grow long,*

*but the nests are filled  
with fallen sky  
soft as feathers  
of birds blown by.*

—FRANCES FROST

a herd of grazing wild ponies. Davy and the Chief paused to watch the fun as the young braves tried their luck at lassoing the "critters." The ponies, however, were wary. At the first whistle of the lariats, they took to their heels. All but one pony!

One stood still in his tracks and waited patiently for the noose to fall over his neck. Davy and the Chief trotted up to the young Indian who had made the catch.

When the pony saw them, he lowered his head between his forelegs, as if in shame. He rolled his eyes and looked very sheepish, as Davy rode up close to him. Then slowly he raised his head and nuzzled Davy's knee.

"Well, this beats all!" laughed Davy, and he tugged the pony's mane. "This is the little critter who hornswoggled me last night!"

It was indeed his own little mustang. The pony had played dead in the night, and then had stolen away to join the wild herd, leaving Davy in his pickle.

Davy and the Comanches had a good laugh over the pony's trick. The braves saddled the little "critter," and guided Davy and his mount back to the trail. Before nightfall he had met his friends. Davy was off once more for Texas!

THE END

# ROBBY'S RADIO



The rooster crowed, the cat meowed,  
the duck quacked, and the dog barked.

**R**OBBY had just one bad fault. He didn't have any radio manners. He always turned his radio on too LOUD.

Robby's mother often said, "Please turn your radio down. Our neighbors are so close

here in the city. We musn't disturb them."

Then his father had to remind him time after TIME to turn his radio lower. "How do you think it would sound if every one around us played radios that LOUD?" he'd ask.



*Illustrated by  
Jo Fisher Irwin*

One day his father came home early and said, "Robby, if you turn off that LOUD radio I'll tell you about a surprise."

"Oh, what is it?" asked Robby, as he stopped some shouting cowboys in the middle of a noisy song.

"Well, that's better," smiled Robby's father. "I have bought a farm. We are moving as soon as we can get packed. There are some pets waiting for you."

For the next few days no one had to remind Robby about turning his radio down. He was so busy packing his books and toys that he didn't have time to listen to it.

It was fun getting settled at the farm.

Robby liked the big black cat. And the big black cat liked Robby. That is . . . until he turned his radio on real LOUD.

Robby liked Brownie, the dog, and Brownie liked Robby. That is . . . until he turned his radio on too LOUD.

Robby liked Cock-o-doodle, the rooster. And the rooster liked Robby. That is . . . until he turned his radio on too LOUD.

Robby liked Whitie, the duck. And the duck liked Robby. That is . . . until he turned his radio on too LOUD.

One day the radio as usual was going BING-ITY-BANG! BANG-ITY-BING! BONG-ITY-BONG! Blackie, the big black cat, called the other pets together.

"We must do something about Robby's radio manners," said the cat. "When Robby turns on his radio I can't hear myself purr. And Robby can't hear me meow when I'm hungry."

"It's the same way with me," sighed the dog. "I bark and BARK for my supper. But Robby can't hear me as his radio is making too much noise."

"I'm tired of it too," said the rooster. "No matter how loud I cock-a-doodle-do-o-o, that bellowing radio drowns out my voice."

"I can't ever make Robby hear me quack, quack, QUACK, when his radio is going full-blast. Oh, what shall we do?" cried Whitie, the duck. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"I have an idea," said the black cat, as he blinked his yellow eyes. "Let's make such a terrific racket that he won't be able to hear his LOUD radio. Let's see how he will like that!"

The pets moved close to Robby's open window.

"Now, all together!" shrieked the cat.

The cat meow-ed, the dog barked, the rooster crowed, and the duck quacked as LOUD as they could.

"MEOW-O-O! . . . BOW-WOW-ow! . . . COCK-O-DOODLE-DOO-oo! . . . QUACK-QUACK-QUACK!"

Robby couldn't hear the band playing on his radio. He thought something was exploding inside of it. He quickly turned it off. But the terrible noise continued. He ran to his open window.

His mother and father came running too. "What ever is happening?" called his mother.

"I guess my pets are teaching me a lesson," Robby said. "I had my radio on so LOUD that I never heard them tell me it was time to feed them. They must be very hungry."

"And perhaps your LOUD radio hurts their ears too," said his father.

"Well, if my radio sounds to them like their howls and yowls sound to me, it must be AWFUL! From now on I'll be careful and turn my radio real low. I won't bother anyone ever again with bad radio manners."

And he never DID.

THE END

## IT'S LOTS OF FUN!



Pampa, Texas, JRCers show word-o-grams they made up to amuse patients in the hospital. (L to R, Harold Cook, Paula Covalt, Nancy Grant, and Sue Buntin)



**D**OWN IN Pampa, Texas, juniors have lots of fun making up word-o-grams. Word-o-grams are saucy little figures made from the letters of the words suggesting them. The letters may be twisted, bent, stretched, or turned upside down!

After the Pampa boys and girls had drawn dozens of word-o-grams, they fastened them into booklets, made attractive covers, wrote a message of greetings to include, then sent the booklets off to a military hospital.

It is hard to tell who had the most fun—the Pampa juniors, or the patients!

Why don't you try your hand at word-o-grams? Shut-ins of all ages would like to share in your fun, too.



## PUTTING THE RED CROSS TOGETHER

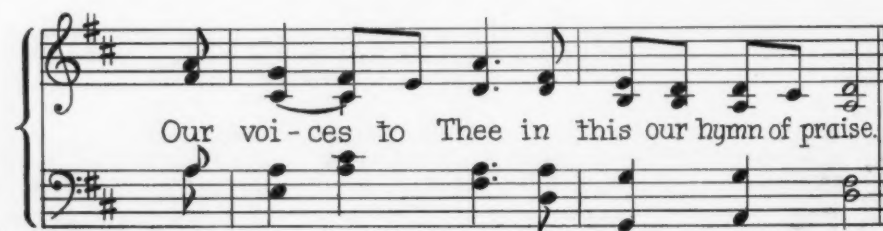
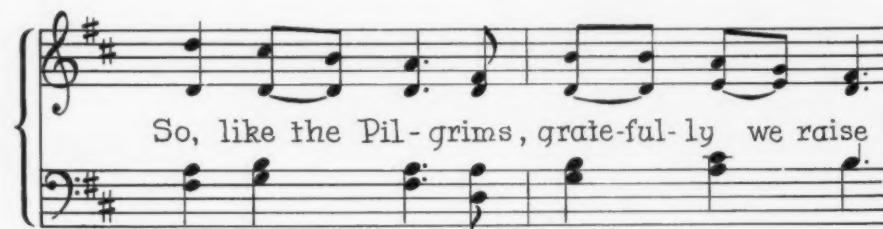
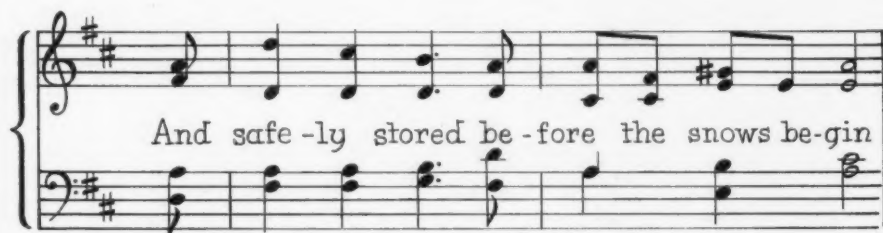
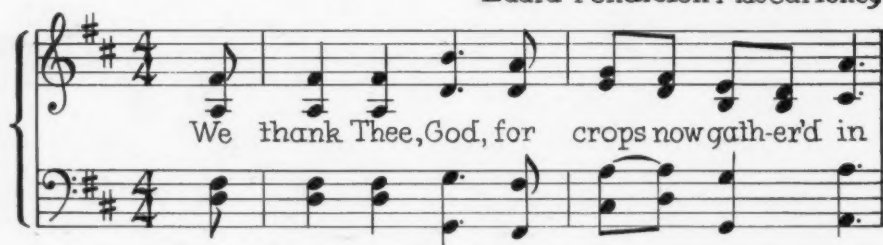
*JUNIOR RED CROSS members in Charlotte (Mecklenburg Chapter), North Carolina, often present a Red Cross ceremony on their programs, which has proved to be quite "different." The ceremony includes putting together the five perfect squares of our Red Cross emblem.*

*To the Charlotte members, these squares symbolize Tradition, Faith, Hope, Love, and Service.*

*Left to right, in the picture above are Sally Holbrook, Tim Cole, Ronnie Helms, Linda Bowers, and Darlene Brigance, who took part in one of the ceremonies.*

# Thanksgiving Hymn

Words and Music by  
Laura Pendleton MacCartney



Illustrated by  
Jo Fisher Irwin

